CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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HON. THOMAS G. WINDES.

One of the Ablest Jurists in the United States, a Candidate for Re-election to the Circuit Bench of Cook County, Illinois.

His Fine Career as a Lawyer and Splendid Record as a Judge.--The People Should Indorse This Good and Faithful Public Servant at the Polls.

In cordially recommending Judge Thomas G. Windes to the suffrages of the readers of THE CITIZEN, we know no better way of presenting to them a perfect view of the real character of that amiable gentleman, broad minded, liberal citizen and model Judge than to republish what was said of him last week in the Eight Hour Herald, one of the leading champions of organized labor in the United States. Many readers of THE CITIZEN know Judge Windes well, having been his clients during the twelve years before he was elected to the bench when he was in partnership with Mr. Alexander Sullivan. To those who know the Judge we need not urge his claims, but to those who do not know him, we commend and endorse the earnest words of our very able labor contemporary. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Sullivan is heartily supporting his old partner for re-election, and hopes every friend of his will aid Judge Windes. The Eight Hour Herald says:

"The people of Cook county are fortunate in being again given an opportunity of voting for Judge Thomas G. Windes of the Circuit court. Judge Windes knows the hardship of the laborer's life, as an extract from the Chicago Tribune published when the Judge was first a candidate for election (although it was opposing him) and republished in this article will show. No hardship of the workingman's life is unknown to Judge Windes. And he has not forgotten those who were his comrades when he was at the bottom rung of the ladder. He has not been a demagogue, and he has not gone about proclaiming himself the laborers' friend as so many humbugs do. But whenever an issue came before him in which that question was involved, he was always clear, emphatic and just to the labor cause.

When he was a master in chancery, Bonfield and others, police bullies, sought to break up the meetings of a workingmen's organization known as the Arbeiter Bund. The attorneys for the bund applied to Judge Tuley for an injunction prohibiting the police from such interference. Judge Tuley was of opinion that he had no authority to issue an injunction, but referred the matter to Mr. Windes, who was then a master in chancery of the Circuit court, because, as he said, the matter would be thoroughly investigated, and if he had such a right Mr. Windes would so report. Mr. Windes as master in chancery gave a full hearing to all the parties and investigated the law thoroughly. He was obliged to report that the judge had not the power to issue an injunction because the proceedings in such a case should be taken on the common law side of the court, and not on the chancery side.

A man without sympathy for the cause of labor and the rights of the people would have stopped right there and simply reported on the cold question of law which was referred to him for a report; but Thomas G. Windes went further. He was aroused to indignation at the treatment of the workingmen by the police force, and in language worthy of the heroic Judge McAllister, he reviewed the conduct of the police and declared the rights of workingmen in the following language:

The mayor and chief of police have no discretionary power given them by law to prevent the peaceable assembly of citizens. It is hostile and even dangerous to the genius of our institutions, and in conflict with those upon which they are based, to assume that a policeman, without judicial responsibility, shall exercise the judicial powers to grant or withhold the right of citizens constitutionally to meet in public assembly. To state the proposition that the policeman has this power, it seems to me, is sufficient to refute it. There is no testimony before me except the mere belief of two of the defendants that the purposes of the Arbeiter Bund meetings are illegal. This would not be sufficient to overcome the presumption that the complainants' purposes are lawful. But this presumption is fortified by the affidavits of the complainants and nine other persons that their purposes are lawful; that they wish to meet publicly, and that they have invited, and do invite, the police to attend their meetings. If the mere belief of a police officer that proposed public meetings are for unlawful purposes shall operate to the prohibition of such meetings, such belief, created by error, malice, bigotry or political partisanship, may be resorted to for the effectual extinguishment of a fundamental constitutional right.

When citizens have assembled, if they advocate or proceed to the commission of unlawful acts or the overthrow of government or the destruction of property, then the conservators of the peace may exercise their discretion in dispersing them. If, in this case, the police have substantial ground for their belief they should not be engaged in a debate before a master in chancery defending an assumed judicial power; but as conservators of the peace should arrest complainants and appear as their accusers in a criminal proceeding.

I desire to apologize to this honorable court for the length of this report. The importance of the questions involved seems to me a sufficient warrant for departing from the bare statement of my opinion as to the law in the hope that a fuller presentation may be of some aid to the chancellor in determining the matter.

Respectfully submitted, this 31st day of December, 1883.

This report never ought to have been forgotten by the workingmen of Chicago, and we believe it never will be. They ought to support Thomas G. Windes every time he appears before them as a candidate.

Every time the rights of humanity come before Thomas G. Windes his decision will be found in favor of humanity. In supporting him the workingmen of Chicago are upholding and supporting their own cause and maintaining their own dignity. We have no doubt they will stand by Judge Windes at the coming election in a manner which will effectually rebuke those who are prejudiced against him on account of his well-known sympathy for the common people.

(From the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 23, 1892).

Thomas G. Windes, Democratic candidate for Circuit Court Judge, was born near Huntsville, Ala., in 1848. His father was a prominent Baptist minister, a supporter of the old Whig party, and earnestly opposed disunion. Young Windes finished his education at the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar soon after, and came to Chicago in 1872. Not finding employment in his profession he drove a bob-tail car for the South Side street car company during one of the severest winters ever known in Chicago. This work, and the going to and coming from it, occupied sixteen out of every twenty-four hours. In addition to this he served as a janitor of a church, and had to get in the coal and get out the ashes and do all the rest of the work incident to the position. He afterward became connected with the law firm of Hardy & Herrick, and subsequently the senior partner of Windes & Sullivan. In 1880 he was appointed a master in chancery of the circuit court, and holds that office now. Mr. Windes resides in the village of Winnetka. On the occasion of a former vacancy on the circuit bench, Mr. Windes was recommended for a judgeship by more than five hundred members of the bar.

HON. JOHN GIBBONS, CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE.

Judge John Gibbons is a candidate for re-election to the Circuit bench. He is nearly closing his first term, and it is not exceeding the bounds to say that he has made an ideal jurist. His manner on the bench is courteous and considerate, and his decisions have stood the test of the highest courts. No man on the bench is a closer analyst of law, and there is no more thorough student. For more than twenty-seven years Judge Gibbons has been a member of the bar, and no man has attained a better reputation in the profession. His cases as a practitioner have been many and varied, and through his ability in pushing them to an issue many important questions relating to personal rights have been decided. His practice as a lawyer included all the State and federal courts. He was active and conducted a large practice.

John Gibbons is 49 years old. He was born in Springfield, county Donegal, Ireland, March 18, 1848. He came to this country in 1866, when he was 18 years old, and graduated at Notre Dame, Ind., university in 1868. He studied law in Philadelphia and was admitted to the bar in Keokuk, Ia., in 1870. For five years he was city attorney of Keokuk, and was elected to the legislature of Iowa in 1875. The Democrats nominated him for attorney-general in 1878, and two years later John Gibbons came to Chicago. It was during the Blaine movement that John Gibbons differed with the Democratic party and became a Republican, and he has been a Republican ever since, but on the bench he has known no political party, his rulings having been eminently just in all cases.

The indorsement of the Chicago bar was accorded John Gibbons for election of Judge of the Circuit court when he was nominated in 1893, and it has had no reason to regret its action. Since his occupancy of the bench, Judge Gibbons has tried more great cases than any other judge ever elected to a court in this county during a similar period. And it is to be said to Judge Gibbons' credit that only one of his decisions, and that one only of minor importance, has been reversed by the Supreme Court. There is no greater record than that of Judge Gibbons for his antagonism to trusts and monopolies. His decisions in such cases as have come before him are well known to readers of THE CITIZEN.

His decision in the whisky trust case was the pioneer in the law and the most far-reaching ever handed down by a court on the subject. His recent decision declaring the tobacco company a monopoly is in keeping with the times. Judge Gibbons' decision on this case created wide discussion, and is approved by the masses of the American people. Another important case is pending before him, upon which he is expected soon to give a decision. This is entitled the People vs. Revell, and affects the lake front and public parks. Judge Gibbons was renominated by the Republicans on their non-partisan ticket.

"FREE IRELAND!"

Otherwise L'Irlande Libre, Edited by Miss Maud Gonne, Started in the Capital of the French Republic.

The Fair Editor Interviewed on the Subject of Her Publication—The Good it Will Do for the Irish Cause in France.

Having heard that an Irish newspaper, in the French language, was about to be published in Paris, I called at the Bureau de Redaction, 6 Rue des Martyrs. Fortune favored me, for not only did I obtain all the information I desired regarding the paper—which bears the inspiriting title of L'Irlande Libre—but I had the pleasure also of a personal interview with the great Irish patriot, Miss Maud Gonne herself. I found the fair enthusiast in the midst of piles of the freshly arrived paper, answering correspondence, and receiving visit after visit from sympathizers with L'Irlande Libre. The Bureau de Redaction is on the second floor. On entering the office the heart of the Irish visitor is made glad with the sight of patriotic pictures and photographs that almost make him forget that he is far from his own island home. A full-length portrait of Robert Emmet is conspicuous above the mantlepiece, as also a photograph of Hoche's monument at Versailles, presented by the authorities there in commemoration of the decoration of the statue on St. Patrick's Day by delegates from the Paris Young Ireland Society. The photograph shows the wreath of shamrock and ivy placed by the demonstrators at the feet of the hero. I noticed also photographs of Michael Davitt, John O'Leary, John Redmond, Maud Gonne, T. Harrington, W. B. Yeats and other prominent workers in the Irish cause. There was, of course, a large map of Ireland, and, not less naturally, a map of France; also a smaller map of Ireland showing the apparent distribution of the Irish clans at the time of Edmond Spenser, and a very beautiful portrait of Erin by the Sea-Shore playing on a harp fashioned from a shell.

Adjoining the office of the paper is a library, composed chiefly of books on Irish subjects by French and Irish writers. Many of the books have been presented to the library by the authors themselves. But what I found perhaps most interesting of all was a series of photographs of Irish eviction scenes, and police shadowing, taken on the spot. "These," said Miss Gonne, in answer to my inquiries, "are my documents, and have an instructive history. When Balfour was in power, at the very moment when he was denying, in the house of commons, that Irish priests and patriots were shadowed by the police, or that the English army assisted in the ignoble work of evicting women and children, these photographs were handed round. It was," she added, with a smile, "a polite and conclusive way of giving 'him the lie.' These photographs have done good service, too, in France. They form a series of magic-lantern views which which I illustrate, as it were, my lectures, and they never fail to cell forth cries of 'a bas l'Angleterre!' and 'Vive L'Irlande!'"

"And what is the chief object of the publication of L'Irlande Libre?" I asked.

"To spread the knowledge of the true state of affairs in Ireland in France," Miss Gonne replied. "France has ever been the friend of Ireland, and, therefore, England by means of her various agencies tries to make the French in particular believe that Ireland has no grievance against England, or that there is a great deal of exaggeration on the subject. L'Irlande Libre will state facts, and show England's treatment of Ireland in its true light. French writers who wish to write on the Irish question will find in it the materials they seek. They will learn that in the record reign of Victoria over 1,500,000 Irish have died in Ireland of hunger, and that the work of exterminating the Celt is as active now as it was in the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell; though English hypocrisy contrives to carry it on in the nineteenth century in a manner less calculated to shock civilization and refinement. But L'Irlande Libre will help to expose England. The foremost writers of France will aid us. Francois Coppee, Marcel Prevost, M. Richepin, A. Sacrissy, E. Duboc and others have either given us articles or promised them for a future number. Monsieur Duboc, by the way, is the clever writer whose 'Point Faible d'Angleterre' created such a sensation in naval circles when it appeared. It would be well if American readers would take to heart the practical way in which this French naval officer points out how a blow might be dealt at the almost universal naval power of England."

"Has the new Irish paper been well received in France?"

"We have already a large number of subscribers, not in Paris alone, but in the provinces as well, while the French press has given a cordial welcome to its young confrere.

"And you believe that the Irish cause itself is making progress in France, Miss Gonne?"

"My lectures are always crowded. They are presided over by the mayors and members of parliament. The audiences are most enthusiastic, and show in every way their sympathy with Ireland. Besides, we have our Paris Young Ireland Society, whose members are working earnestly in the good old cause."

Having procured a copy of L'Irlande Libre, and wishing the patriotic venture every success, I took my leave.

M. BARRY DELANY.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF GEORGE H. COCHRANE.

At Calvary cemetery on Monday the remains of George H. Cochrane, son of John Cochrane, one of Chicago's pioneers, were laid to rest. The cortege proceeded from the residence of Mrs. M. W. Ryan, a sister, 40 Throop street, to St. Patrick's church, where solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Burns, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kern and Callahan. Schmidt's requiem mass was sung by the choir with an "Ave Maria" for offertory and "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" as a recessional hymn. Father Burns preached with great feeling from the texts: "I say unto you that you now indeed have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice and your joy no man shall take from you." A large concourse of friends attended the remains to the cemetery.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The first schedule game for the season was played at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell streets, last Sunday, between the O'Neill Crowleys and Young Irelands. The teams were well matched, and at half time the score stood two points each. When play was resumed the O'Neill Crowleys made repeated attacks on their opponents' goal, but McArel, Burke and Fleming were ever on the alert and saved the goal on several occasions. The play was fast during the last half, and at the call of time the score stood 7 to 5 in favor of the O'Neill Crowleys. Tomorrow (Sunday) the Innisfails and O'Mahonys will cross camans, and a fine exhibition of hurling may be expected. The Thistles and Pullmans will play football.

GAELIC LEAGUE OF LONDON.

One of the most interesting and successful entertainments held in Irish circles in London was given by the Gaelic League on Saturday, May 1, at Bloomsbury Hall, W. C. The function was a Ceilidh, or social reunion of members and friends of the Gaelic League on the occasion of the old Gaelic festival of La Bealtaine. It was unique in being the first attempt to promote the spirit of good fellowship among the various branches of the Celtic race. A marked feature of the proceedings was the entire exclusion of English songs from the programme, and judging by the hearty applause which greeted every item, the venture was thoroughly successful. The proceedings opened with two old Irish melodies, "Paisn Fionn," sung by Mr. M. O'Sullivan, and "Sa Mhuirnin Dhilis," by Miss Norma Borthwick, both being rendered in a pleasing manner. Mr. Thomas Garoghan then played a splendid selection of jigs and reels on the Irish pipes. One of the most charming items on the programme was the "Suantraidhe," or Irish lullaby, sung by Miss Isabel Constantine, whose beautiful soprano voice was heard to great advantage. Signor Volanti Armitage gave a brilliant pianoforte solo of Irish airs. The fine voice of Mr. J. Thorpe was heard with much appreciation in "Bainrioghan Cuanamara," accompanied by the composer, Mrs. Needham. "Garbh-chnoic Chlair" was sung by Madame Kate Lee, who, in the second part, gave "Caitheamh an Ghlais" in spirited style, and receiving a hearty encore. The Scotch-Gaelic items on the programme were "Mairi Luighach," sung by Mr. A. Dawson, and "Ho ro, mo nighean bhoidheach," by Mr. H.W. Rodda, and the Welsh items were ably performed by Miss Jennie Higgs and Miss Katie Thomas, who sang in the usual brilliant style of Welsh vocalists. A very popular portion of the proceedings was the Irish step dancing, of which a graceful exhibition was given by members of the Gaelic League. After a short interval for refreshments the second part of the programme was opened by a piano solo, "A Bunch of Shamrocks," rendered in exquisite style by the talented composer, Mrs. Alicia A. Needham. Other numbers on the programme were "Mairin," sung by Mr. O'Sullivan, "Tog suas an Clairseach," by Miss Borthwick, "Eire ta deora," by Miss Kaiser, and "Ros deighionach an t-Samhraidh," by Miss S. O'Brien. A display of Irish and Highland dancing brought a very enjoyable entertainment to a close.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York, May 26, at 1:30 p. m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown, May 25, at 11 p. m.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

The California Limited.

The undersigned, passengers aboard the California Limited Santa Fe Railway, west bound train, wish to commend the excellence of the dining-car service of this train. Our thanks are due the manager, Mr. Hall and his staff, for their unvarying courtesy and kind attention throughout the entire trip. It is our earnest hope that the unsurpassed cuisine of this service will receive from the traveling public the appreciation and patronage which it so fully merits. W. H. Worsoolch, Los Angeles; Carl F. Adam, Pennsylvania; W. T. Ball, B. Ogden, Leopold Goldman, Chicago; W. B. Holmes, M. C. Holmes, D. M. Holmes, Hornsdale, Pa.; Mrs. C. B. Sanger, Chicago; Miss M. L. Turner, Mrs. M. E. Haley, Boston; C. W. Leffingwell, Jr., Knoxville, Ill.; F. M. McNeill, Carthy, Mo.; Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, San Francisco; Helen Greer Adam, Pennsylvania; F. M. Clark, Knox, Pa.; Mrs. E. S. Upham, Mrs. E. R. Baker, Englewood, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Gerrish, Grand Rapids, Mich.; E. S. Belcher and wife, Henry C. Durand and wife, Hortense Leavens, L. Andrews, Henry C. Goldman, Chicago; C. R. Feltion and wife, Mrs. S. E. Weddle, W. D. Hibbard, Mrs. G. A. Swartwest, L. S. Frissell, A. M. Merryweather, William S. Merrill, A. H. Cranry, Jr., New York. To Fred Harvey, Esq., Kansas City, Mo.

The foregoing is an example of voluntary testimonials not infrequently received by the road from its patrons. The California Limited leaves Chicago every Wednesday and Saturday at 6:00 p. m., making connection with fast trains from the East and reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76 hours. West of Kansas City it carries a through sleeper between St. Louis and Los Angeles via the Wabash. Connecting train for San Francisco via Mojave. Eastbound it leaves San Diego and Los Angeles Mondays and Thursdays. A solid vestibuled train consisting only of palace sleepers, buffet smoking-car and dining-car. No pains are spared to contribute to the comfort of trans-continental travelers. W. F. WHITE, Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe Route, Chicago, Ill.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

Everybody Says So.

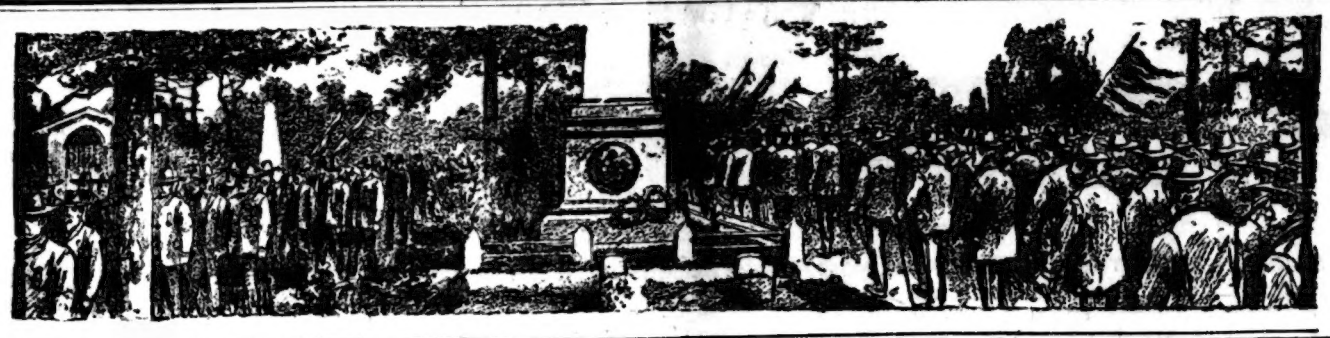
Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GOD'S TRUTH; BY AN IRISH PRIEST.

An educated, intelligent, reflecting Irishman must feel his heart within him wither with sorrow, and his face blaze with shame, on viewing the conduct of those who think, or affect to think, that they are laboring to procure Ireland's freedom. The history of the world cannot furnish a parallel to the impudent effrontery of the profligate leaders or the scottish imbecility of their despicable dupes. The leaders profess to be able, by talking in the English parliament, to wheedle or force England to grant Ireland freedom; their dupes trust them and obey their orders. England knows thoroughly that she owes her grandeur to the fact that she has been for centuries a liar, a perjurer, a footpad, a thief, a robber, a cutthroat, an assassin, a pirate. The profligate Irish leaders and their despicable Irish dupes are asking too much when they ask England to abandon peaceably at their request the proud position which she has conquered for herself by millions of lies, perjuries, treacheries, thefts, robberies, arsons, murders assassinations, piracies. England would lose the price of her millions of horrible crimes, and annihilate herself by granting Ireland freedom; England will not grant that freedom peaceably. If Ireland is to be free, she must be made free by force. That force must be applied by men who wish to be free; it cannot be applied by the catiffs who begin what they call their attempts to free Ireland by taking an oath to remain England's slaves, and to be England's spies and England's informers. The criminality and absurdity of the scheme to free Ireland by talking in the British parliament, if confined to speculation, would exceed human credulity; but facts rout theories; the scheme is reduced to practice; the profligate traitorous leaders are cheerful; the despicable dupes are amused and hopeful, while England, with her feet in the blood, her hands on the throat, her knees on the bowels of their mother, Ireland, is tearing out with her teeth their mother's heart. God save Ireland, and give some of her sons honesty, prudence and courage enough for her rescue.—United Irishman.



MEMORIAL DAY SENTIMENTS.

What Some Well Known People Say.

A BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL CUSTOM.

Views of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—Thoughts of Professor John Clark Ridpath and Ex-Senator Ingalls—Commodore Melville and Colonel Forney on Our Heroic Dead.

[Copyright, 1897.]

It would be unbecoming to enlarge on the subject of Memorial day without paying some introductory tribute to its founder. Very few indeed attribute the beautiful national custom of decorating the graves of the heroes of the civil war to a woman, Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, a soldier in the war herself, for she followed it from its beginning to its close, nursed the wounded soldiers and perfected the hospital service in General Sherman's army, and, in fact, watched over the Union soldiers like a mother. Two short incidents display more of Mrs. Kimball's character than pages of eulogy:

"A boy was sentenced to be shot. His mother sat on the steps of the capitol in Washington. She remained there distracted with grief for three days and nights trying in vain to see President Lincoln. A lady, beautiful and of loving disposition, passing in front of the capitol, paused to learn the pitiful story, and then, with the determination of that viking race from which she sprang, sought and pleaded the poor mother's cause with the president himself. Lincoln hearkened to her eloquence, and turning his sad eyes on her said: 'Take this card to Stanton and save the boy and mother. It is a relief to have you tell me how you would manage the affairs of state.'"

"The battle of Winchester was over, the condition of General Molineux's command demoralized, so as to bring on this officer in the presence of his men a sharp reproof from Sheridan. A lady, beautiful and of loving disposition, had nursed General Molineux after he had been wounded in a previous battle in the performance of a brave duty. She addressed General Sheridan thus: 'You have done a great wrong to a brave man.' The hero of Winchester replied, 'Madam, if I have done so, I will apologize to him before his soldiers.' And he supplemented this act of gallantry by recommending General Molineux for a major generalship."

The lady was Mrs. Kimball. It was while she was traveling in the south that she noticed how assiduously the southern women garlanded the graves of those who had died in the cause of the Confederacy. She thought of the weed strewn, neglected mounds over the brave boys who fell fighting in the blue and wrote to General John A. Logan, then commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, in suggestive admiration and requested example of those southern women.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Her eloquent pleading enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of General Logan and resulted in the famous order No. 2 that went into effect on the 30th of May, 1868, establishing Memorial day. Mrs. Kimball, who died at her home in the Quaker City some three years ago, now lies at Laurel Hill. A little mound, a simple headstone and a huge Norwegian pine mark the spot where the founder of a great national custom lies buried.

The lines that follow were mailed to me by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in response to my request for some original remarks on the subject of our national observance of May 30. It is evident that this popular poet takes a serious view of the present situation and does not hesitate to express her feelings as forcibly as she does poetically:

Our country's starving children plead for labor.
She has no work to give them. Yet, behold!
She feeds the swarming offspring of her neighbor
While her own kin stand roofless in the cold.

Not for such ends the heroes whom we honor
Preserved our country in her strength and pride.
So many and so dark the stains upon her,
Well might she warrior question why he died.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In response to my next call came the following hopeful paragraphs from Commodore Melville, an old soldier, the chief in the United States bureau of steam engineering in the navy department at Washington. In addition he can lay claim to being a celebrated arctic explorer and the designer of more than one of our late war vessels:

Decoration day, the day of all the year that is given to the highest and holiest ceremony that the living can pay to the dead—the dead, the heroic dead, the brave souls, the light and life of the fairest and bravest, who with youth and beauty in the dark days of 1861 bared their fair young breasts to the storm of shot and shell and stood between the devastating hosts of iconoclasts and the only true government that God has permitted to be on the face of the earth!

Weave wreaths and garlands, ye fair maids of America, to decorate the tombs of the heroic dead, who died to save our fair land. Weep not, but rejoice that your brothers and lovers have left behind them in their somber tombs the evidence that our country was worth saving—aye, dying for—and that the example is set forth for coming generations for all time that the spirit of 1776 and 1861 is still abroad in our land and will never die.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE,
Engineer In Chief United States Navy.

Professor John Clark Ridpath writes me on the subject from the scene of his editorial labors on The Arena. The historian challenges thought on the after life and embodies sentiment on a national memory in this short but admirable essay:

OUR DEAD.

Where, after all, are our brave dead? The traditional belief of the world has been that they live. But very vague faith is the faith of mankind with respect to where the departed dwell or in what state. On this theme conjecture has been rife in all ages. Certain it is that human beings have never been content to die without a hope.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Of all the arguments that have been presented on this subject that of Henry Thomas Buckle is the best. His own mother passed away. He was at that time composing his review of "Mill's Essay on Liberty." The shock to the great historian and thinker was almost unbearable, but he rallied and inserted in the essay which he was composing that remarkable paragraph on the survival of the dead as he was able to see it and hope for it.

Buckle's argument is this: There is in human affection and desire an equation the first part of which is here and the other part of which is—where? That is his great thesis reduced to a syllogistic suggestion. He alleges what is true—that life without the after half of the equation of hope and desire is a reductio ad absurdum.

Our brave dead who went from us in the fiery ordeal of war either exist or they have ceased to exist. There is no middle ground. The broken equation of hope and affection indicates their existence beyond that dividing curtain which the poetical language of mankind has called "the veil." We choose to believe, or at least to think, that our heroes are living somewhere in a happy fruition of patriotic joys, unclouded with sorrow, unacquainted with further pain and anguish. We say of them, "They sleep." Rather let us say of them, "They wake."

If immortality be a dream, it is indeed a generous and beautiful dream, tending ever to make itself more real as the end of life approaches.

Little are we disposed to yield to enthusiasm or to chase shadows, but somehow we think that our heroes of the Union war are not dead, that they are not sleeping, but that they are both living and free; that they go forth and know and rest and love and aspire. Happy were we to be sure that they are able to unclasp the brazen volume of the Backward Look and to see in ourselves and our work the happy results and beautiful hopes and joys which they so unselfishly procured and consecrated by their life and death.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH,
Boston. Editor of The Arena.

Major Green Clay Goodloe, paymaster in the marine corps at headquarters, Washington, a Kentuckian by birth, who served in the Kentucky cavalry in the early part of the civil war, makes the following response:

The bright and beautiful page in our republic's illustrious history is the thought that the dead were to live always in the hearts of the living, the survivors were to have honors without stint heaped upon them, the maimed should be tenderly and appropriately cared for, as the dust of their fallen husbands and fathers would be vigilantly guarded. This contract was oathed by the spirits in blue amid the flash of battle and steel, and so long as a drop of loyal blood circulates their memories and nobility will be shielded as the mother guards her offspring. Had not the patriotism of the blood of the land gone forth to battle, liberty would have slept forever in our land and the Union been interred. The Union lives, and the winding sheet, brave Old Glory, comforts her heroes in the tomb of the Union.

GREEN CLAY GOODLOE.

From the west Mr. Ingalls sends me the accompanying letter symbolic of his own sentiments on Memorial day memories and observances:

Other wars have been waged for ambition, for a frontier, for a dynasty, for a throne, but no such passions impelled the soldiers of the republic. They fought for the supremacy of the moral code in politics, for the beatitudes in the commonwealth, for the Golden Rule as the foundation of government. Their death was a protest against the injustice of human destiny.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS.
Atchison, Kan.

The sentiment printed below comes from Colonel James Forney, son of John Forney, the founder of the Philadelphia Press. As a lieutenant in the navy this contributor was brevetted captain for meritorious service—sent ashore by Admiral Farragut in 1862 to hoist the first Union flag on the custom house at New Orleans and bring away the Confederate banner:

Memorial day is the most impressive of all our national holidays. On that day we throw away all care and go out and decorate the graves of those soldiers and sailors who fell in battle so that we might live to enjoy a free and great country. The scene is very pathetic, to see the old veterans, bending over with age, putting the flowers over the remains of their comrades. It would, however, be a much happier and grander scene for the future if the north and south would join together, instead of having separate days, and make Decoration day sacred to the memory of both. This would indeed make it of all days one of the grandest in the history of the republic.

JAMES FORNEY,
Colonel United States Marine Corps.

The following is sent me, fitly enough, by an author who comes of a soldier family. Dr. McCook does not need identification as a naturalist, one of the leading authorities of the world on American ants and spiders and the author of the popular "The Tenants of an Old Farm." Dr. McCook of the famous "Fighting McCook" family is the pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian church of Philadelphia and one of the most prominent men in the ministry. He writes as follows:

JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

In the midst of a great battle an Indiana soldier was borne upon a stretcher to the rear, both thighs shot through by a shell. It so happened that he was carried by the point where his division commander stood directing the conflict. "Stop, boys!" he cried. His bearers set him down in front of the officer, who stepped to his side and spoke a word of pity and uttered a hope that he might soon be well. "Look at that, general," said the soldier, lifting a corner of the blanket that covered his mangled limbs. "No, no; it's all up with me. No man can live after that. But that isn't what I want to say, general. I've a wife and five babies out there in Indiana who won't have a cent to keep them beyond the pension they will draw. And I love 'em, general, I love 'em more than I know how to tell. But I'd do it again, if I had it all to do over now, rather than see the Union destroyed. I've done my duty, and I'm not afraid to die. Goodby, general. Now, boys, move on." And they carried him out of sight.

The eyes that followed the brave fellow for a moment were used to such scenes, but they were wet with tears just then. No wonder grateful countrymen hallow the memory of these men and when the flowers of spring have gathered with their first fullness hasten with loving hands to deck their graves. But there is no flower that exhales its sweetness upon the hero's resting place so fragrant in our souls as the deeds of suffering self sacrifice even unto death which compel our love and sorrow.

HENRY C. MCCOOK.

What with war stories and tombstone morals the tenor of this collection would have been fittingly decorated with the rue had not a well known army man come to the rescue by mailing me a question and an answer:

"How should Memorial (Decoration) day be kept?"

Having taken part in many a Decoration day parade and in nine cases out of ten with the result of being drenched to the skin with rains from a sympathetic but inconsiderate sky, I have no hesitation in replying:

Decoration day should be kept—dry.

CHARLES KING,
Captain United States Army.

There is no need to identify Captain Charles King as an army man, for there is scarce a novel reader in the country but has both laughed and cried over his stories of army and garrison life. The gallant captain begs further to state, while on the subject of Decoration day, that the above question deserves a better answer, but that it catches him at his busiest moment.

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

MEMORIAL DAY.

MAY 30, 1897.

Softly the south wind comes from haunts afar
And brings its charm to waiting hills and vales,
But now it is not redolent of war,
Of grewsome horrors and heartbreaking tales.

For peace, with her fair white uplifted wings,
Reigns now unhindered east, west, north and south;
The green spring turf unto the plowshare clings,
And cobwebs lace the brazen cannon's mouth.

No more are serried hosts in battle drawn;
No more are brothers matched in bloody strife.
The tragic, devastating war is gone,
And a new era dawns to stir the life

Of this great nation, to uplift the race,
To forward freedom, to enfranchise man,
To give the lowliest a chance and place
For each to do the very best he can.

Not in the realms of ancient Rome and Greece,
Nor in the idyls of Utopia
Can there be found or pictured states like these
Or any power of such benignant sway.

But this brave land sprang not at once, full born,
Nor found its heritage without a price.
Through battle's blaze, through toil and hate and scorn,
Our great republic had its glorious rise.

Today we meet to honor those whose scars
And death were given that freedom should not die—
Heroes of dark, blood red and cruel wars,
Who won for us the final victory.

Bring from fair gardens and the mountain side
Flowers for their graves touched with the south wind's breath,
That their blest deeds may in our hearts abide
And honor crown their sacrificial death.

Fling out the flag! Let speech and music flow!
May grateful hearts pause and the wealth of May
Be brought for tribute till the whole world know
The sacred import of Memorial day.

JOEL BENTON.

A RAW RECRUIT.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

[Copyright, 1897, by Will M. Clemens.]

In Sergeant Norton's picket squad was one of the raw ones, a new recruit. Oberholtz was his name, and he looked it. Most young Germans are brave in the face of danger, and John Oberholtz was one of the majority.

The night was as uncertain in a weather way as were the English words of Oberholtz, and as Fred Norton scurried along his picket line the cottonwood trees looked to him like a file of black giants. It was a shadowy, murky, somber night, this June evening, 1864, in the country round about Spottsylvania Court House.

Sergeant Norton stopped short in his lone march and put his hand to his ear. A strange noise came from a ravine not far away where John Oberholtz was on duty. Less than two miles to the south were the Confederate lines, and the young sergeant was fearful lest the gray sharpshooters would reduce the number of his picket squad. He ran toward the ravine as fast as the darkness would permit him and came rather unexpectedly upon the young German standing motionless upon a knoll, his gun pointed at some bushes a few feet distant.

The hand of Oberholtz was upon the trigger of his gun, and his usually red face was ashen white. He was in the act of firing when the sergeant called him.

"Oberholtz, what is the trouble?" questioned Norton sternly.

"Der vas a rebel in der bushes," cried the German, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Put down your gun," whispered the sergeant as he came alongside the new recruit. "Don't shoot. If there is only one, we can capture him."

THE HAND OF OBERHOLTZ WAS UPON THE TRIGGER.

The German obeyed and brought his gun to the ground.

Norton stepped forward a pace or two, having discerned a face and form in the underbrush. He drew his revolver and advanced quickly.

"Surrender, or I'll shoot!" he demanded very earnestly.

Scarcely had he said the words than he quickly put his revolver back in his belt and uttered a gasp of surprise.

The frightened face of a young woman confronted him.

He saw her stagger as if about to fall, and, reaching forward, caught her by the arm. She vainly tried to speak to him and laid a trembling hand upon the arm of the sergeant.

"You had a narrow escape, miss," Norton said to her as the German recruit advanced to his side.

She looked at Oberholtz in alarm and again endeavored to speak, but failed utterly. She nodded her head as if to indicate an affirmative reply.

With his cap Norton fanned her pretty face while her body lay limp upon his arm. The night wind caused her brown hair to brush his cheek, and when her blue eyes looked, full of an unknown fear, into his own he felt a thrill of tender sympathy within.

"I feel so faint and so tired!" she whispered, at last recovering her voice.

"No wonder, young lady," said Norton gallantly, and, pointing to Oberholtz, he added: "He might have shot you. Luckily I came along just as I did."

"I thank you, sir, so much," she replied, standing erect and by her movement declining the support of the soldier.

She continued rather painfully, "Perhaps I did wrong in coming, but we were starving and"—

Her voice faltered.

"Who? Where?" asked Norton anxiously, eager for information.

"Over yonder," she replied faintly, "father and I. We live half a mile from here between the lines of the two armies. My father is a Confederate officer. Two days ago some of the Yankee soldiers came along and took everything we had in the house, and since then"—

She uttered a little sympathetic cough and went on.

"We have absolutely nothing to eat. My poor father took ill while at home on a furlough and is now a helpless invalid. I could not leave him long enough to go to the rebel camp, and the houses of our neighbors are deserted. I ventured up here to see if I couldn't get just enough food for father's supper. He is so weak!" And, laying her trembling hand upon Norton's arm, she pleaded, "Can't you give us just a little food, sir?"

THEY STOOD TOGETHER IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

There was a tear in the eye of the young sergeant as he bade her accompany him to the brigadier's quarters. She meekly followed him, leaving Oberholtz to resume his picket duty. Norton took her arm and helped her over the rough places along the way, meanwhile learning her name and other facts about herself and her family.

To the brigadier's tent they went together, and Norton introduced her as "Edith Madden, aged 17, the daughter of a Confederate."

He told the girl's story in as few words as possible, the narrative receiving the utmost attention from the courtly old brigadier. He was a man of little speech, this brigadier, and when Norton had finished he put his head on one side and looked critically at the girl and then at the sergeant. Then he seized pen and paper and wrote a few lines hurriedly.

"Here, orderly!" he shouted in his gruff voice. "Take this to the commissary."

Turning to Norton, he added: "Sergeant, follow the orderly. Put the provisions in a wagon. Load her up with crackers and coffee and sugar and such stuff."

"Yes, sir," replied Norton, saluting his superior. He started to leave the tent with the young woman at his side.

"And, sergeant!" added the gruff voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Put enough in that wagon to last 'em for six months."

"Yes, sir."

"And, sergeant, take a file of men and accompany the wagon and this girl to her father's house."

"Yes, sir." And Norton and the girl stepped out into the night.

In the course of an hour a wagon creaking under its heavy load passed down the ravine where Oberholtz paced to and fro with his gun, and six soldiers marched upon either side of the wagon. Norton and his companion, the daughter of the enemy, brought up in the rear.

It was moonlight when the soldiers and the wagon returned, two hours later. Something delayed the young sergeant, for it was fully an hour later when he came back to camp. There was a queer sort of smile upon his face and a strange happiness in his breast. The following night Norton passed the guard, and for several hours he lingered in the country over nearer the enemy. He was reconnoitering, so he told the guard when he returned and gave the countersign. Another night and still another he went outside the lines, and one evening a week later he went again, this time taking with him two companions, Oberholtz, the new recruit, and a white haired old soldier in a fugitive cap.

As they walked along Norton chatted gleefully with the elderly man.

"I thought I'd bring Oberholtz along for luck. Ever since he came near killing her he worships the very ground she walks on. I feel grateful to him anyway. If he had not been a raw recruit and a German, this thing could never have happened."

The three men wearing the blue entered an old house in the woods. An old man sitting inthroned in a rocking chair gave them kindly greeting.

Sergeant Fred Norton took the hand of pretty Edith Madden, and they stood together in the center of the room. The white haired soldier, Chaplain Whittaker, took from his pocket a leather covered volume, and there in the Virginia woods, in the quiet of the summer night, Fred and Edith were made man and wife.

The Gray and the Blue.

On the battlefield at Richmond, Ky., in 1862 a Confederate and Federal soldier were lying some distance apart. Both were prostrate from severe wounds. "I am dying for water," the boy in blue cried out in despair.

"I have water in my canteen to which you are welcome," said the one in gray.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the wounded Federal. The Confederate lifted his head and, looking over at his wounded foeman, called out in compassion, "Hold on a little longer, Yank, and I'll come to you!"

By digging his hands into the ground the heroic southerner dragged himself to the side of the Federal, groaning every time he moved. After the sufferer had drunk eagerly the two clasped hands in token of buried hatred. The Confederate had overexerted himself and brought on a hemorrhage, from which he died in a short time. The boy in blue kissed again and again the cold hand that had brought him relief, when he was taken away to the hospital, where he died next day.

SENATE ON RECORD.

IT PASSES THE CUBAN BELLIGERENCY RESOLUTION.

The Vote Being 41 to 14 After Another Hot Debate—Thurston Declares the Resolution a Partial Redemption of the Cuban Plank in the Republican Platform.

Washington, May 21.—After a long and exciting debate the joint resolution recognizing the existence of a state of war in Cuba and declaring that strict neutrality shall be maintained by the United States passed the senate by the decisive vote of 41 to 14 at a late hour yesterday afternoon. The announcement of the vote was received with tumultuous applause by the galleries, which drew from Hawley an emphatic protest against "mob demonstration." The resolution as passed is as follows:

"Resolved, etc., That a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America shall maintain a strict neutrality between the contending parties, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States."

Vote on Final Passage.

The vote on the final passage of the resolution was as follows:

Yeas—Bacon, Baker, Bate, Berry, Butler, Carter, Chandler, Chilton, Clarke, Clay, Cockrell, Cullom, Davis, Deboe, Foraker, Gallinger, Gorman, Hansbrough, Harris of Kansas, Heitfeld, Jones of Arkansas, Kenney, Lindsay, McBride, Mantle, Mason, Mills, Morgan, Nelson, Pasco, Pettigrew, Pettus, Pritchard, Rawlins, Shoup, Stewart, Thurston, Tillman, Turner, Turpie, Walthall—41.

Nays—Allison, Burrows, Caffrey, Fairbanks, Gear, Hale, Hanna, Hawley, Hoar, Spooner, Wellington, Wetmore, White and Wilson—14.

Hale's Motion to Refer Defeated.

The voting occurred after an exciting debate participated in by Thurston, Elkins, White, Fairbanks, Hale, Spooner and Gorman. Thurston, who presided over the Republican national convention at St. Louis, recalled the stirring scene when that convention enthusiastically inserted a Cuban plank in the platform, and declared that this resolution was in partial fulfillment of that pledge. Elkins and White urged a conservative course and an inquiry by a committee. Then came the first vote—that on the Hale motion to refer. It was a test of strength, and the defeat of the motion assured the passage of the resolution. Fairbanks tried to stem the tide by offering a compromise proposition, somewhat on the lines of the Cuban plank at St. Louis, but it met the same fate as the Hale motion.

Fears It Will Lead to War.

This brought Hale forward for a final protest. He spoke with intense earnestness and feeling, and with a trace of bitterness in his words. He declared that the elements opposed to the administration—Democrats and Populists—had furnished the bulk of the vote in favor of the resolution, and that the foreign policy of the administration was thus to be dictated by its opponents. He expressed the fear also that the resolution would lead to war with Spain. Spooner added his protest against tying the hands of the administration. Gorman closed the debate, resenting the suggestion that party lines were drawn on the resolution, and asserting that the administration should have dispatched a war vessel to Cuba to protect our officials on the island. The final vote was then taken and the senate adjourned until next Monday.

HOUSE DECLINES TO FOLLOW SUIT.

Passes the Relief Resolution but Rules Out Belligerency Recognition.

Washington, May 21.—Cuban affairs furnished the house with a day of bitter partisan debate. The resolution appropriating $50,000 for the relief of American citizens was adopted without a dissenting vote, but the Democrats endeavored to force consideration also of the Morgan resolution for recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents. They accused the Republicans of endeavoring to evade this issue, but the dominant party, through its spokesman, Hitt, made the important statement that the Republicans desired not to embarrass negotiations which were being projected by President McKinley to secure the independence of Cuba. While Hitt disclaimed presidential authority for his statement it was well known that he had been in consultation with McKinley on the question and knew whereof he spoke.

The committee on rules presented a report giving two hours' debate on the relief resolution. Bailey endeavored to present the views of the minority of the committee and to move a recommittal, but was declared out of order by Speaker Reed. He made a strong speech and was given the unanimous support of Democrats, Populists and silverites, while but three Republicans—Cooper of Wisconsin, Colson of Kentucky, and Robbins of Pennsylvania—voted to consider the senate resolution. The galleries were packed and manifested their usual sympathy for Cuba. The speeches were made by Dalzell, Bailey, Hitt, Grosvenor, Williams of Mississippi, Livingston of Georgia, Wheeler, McMillin, Simpson, Hull of Iowa and Brown of Ohio. Robbins of Pennsylvania gave a graphic description of the situation in Cuba based on a personal visit.

The house rejected the third conference report on the opening of the Utah gilsonite lands and instructed its conferrees to support a plan proposed by Lacey of Iowa by which the secreatry of the interior would lease the lands, the government receiving a royalty and provisions against a monopoly being made.

Illinoisan's Strange Disappearance.

Indianapolis, May 24.—J. F. Price, 59 years of age, left Danville, Ills., on Monday last to come to this city, and nothing has since been heard from him. He was to visit his son here, but has unaccountably disappeared and much anxiety is felt for his safety. He but recently recovered from a long spell of typhoid fever and it is feared that his mind is affected.

Wabash-Eel River Railway Lease.

Wabash, Ind., May 25.—The suit to dissolve the lease of the Eel River road to the Wabash and for the appointment of a receiver for the former line from Butler to Logansport, was called yesterday in the Howard supreme court.

THE WORK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, May 20.—The senate took up the calendar yesterday and passed bills as follows: Authorizing payment by the United States of state and county taxes on land held in severalty by Indians; granting medals to the survivors and heirs of volunteers of the Port Hudson forlorn hope storming party. Then it proceeded to talk Cuba. Morgan said that Sherman told a senate committee that to give the names of consuls reporting on the condition of Cuba would lay them liable to massacre. Foraker said that Sherman's words were that such publicity might result in violence. Lee's report was read. It says that the Spaniards were not making much progress and that both sides were guilty of atrocities. Correspondence between Olney and De Lome was read. Olney hinting at mediation and De Lome declining it.

Washington, May 21. — The senate yesterday refused to refer the Cuban belligerency resolution to the foreign affairs committee and adopted it as offered by Morgan—41 to 14. No other business was done except in executive session. Adjourned to Monday.

The house passed the senate resolution appropriating $50,000 for the relief of destitute Americans in Cuba, the speaker ruling that Bailey's amendment tacking on the belligerency resolution was not in order. Hitt intimated that the president was at work to secure independence peacefully for the island. The conference report on the Indian bill was rejected and the bill sent back to conference.

Washington, May 25.—The death of Senator Earle, of South Carolina, resulted in a quick adjournment of the senate yesterday. Tillman of South Carolina made the formal announcement and offered a resolution expressing the profound sorrow of the senate. As a further mark of respect the senate adjourned.

The session of the house was also brief, that body adjourning in honor of the memory of Senator Earle. McMillin got in a resolution providing for the consideration of the Cuban belligerency resolution, which went to the rules committee.

CORBETT'S DEFEAT REPRODUCED.

Kinetoscopic Reproduction Shows No Sign of That Alleged Foul.

New York, May 24.—The instantaneous photographic reproduction of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was last night presented for the first time at the Academy of Music. A large white cloth was stretched across the proscenium arch and the figures were presented thereon life-size. The academy was crowded to standing room, and those present saw an accurate reproduction of the contest, marred somewhat by the unsteady movement of the photographic plates. The chief interest centered in the question as to whether Fitzsimmons fouled Corbett in the last round while Corbett was down.

The presentation on the screen was so vibrant and unsteady, however, that no accurate judgment of this nice point could be determined, particularly as Fitzsimmons' back was toward the audience when he struck the final blow. The general opinion was that no foul occurred. The spectators, after Corbett was pictured as down, cried out: "Where was the foul? Where was the foul?". This was accompanied by shouts of "There was none. There was no foul." The presentation as a whole was wonderfully vivid.

ROW IN THE AUSTRIAN REICHSRATH.

Members Break Furniture and Fire Books and Bad Language.

London, May 25. — The Standard's correspondent at Vienna says: The obstruction which has characterized the proceedings in the reichsrath during the last few weeks culminated yesterday in an unprecedented scene. The president became so much excited in anticipation of trouble that he fainted before the session opened, and the vice president had to take the chair. For hours the members of the opposition had recourse to every parliamentary device for obstructing business, and finally, when these were exhausted, they overturned the desks, smashed inkstands, flung books in the faces of the speakers, indulged in coarse invective, and finally came to blows in a general riot.

The German party, inflamed with rage at the edict making the Czech language the official language of Bohemia, crowded with clenched fists around the ministerial table, where Count Badenerti, the premier, sat pale as ashes, and shouted: "Down with the Polish Badeni." Finally the sitting was suspended amid great disorder.

Five Boys Drowned at Chicago.

Chicago, May 24.—Frank Quinn, Charles Coates, James Coates, Charles Svec, Albert Svec and John Honis, all boys ranging from 8 to 11 years old, got on a raft in Mud lake, a wide expanse of water in the south branch of the Chicago river, to paddle across. Young Honis took fright just after leaving the shore, stripped and jumped in where the water was shallow and waded ashore. The other boys took the scare later, where the water was twenty feet deep, jumped off the raft and all were drowned.

Murdered His Helpless Wife.

Chicago, May 24.—Lying helplessly ill, with her 3-year-old child asleep at her side, Mrs. Nellie Dawson, 25 years old, was shot and killed by her husband, John Dawson, yesterday. The shooting followed a quarrel. The murderer is at large, but the police officers declare he will soon be captured, as he is well known to them. The dead woman's father is a well-to-do farmer near Lincoln, Neb. She married Dawson at Lincoln eight years ago.

Baptists at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, May 20. — The most important of the May anniversaries of the northern Baptists began yesterday, when President H. K. Porter, of this city, called the American Baptist Home Mission society to order for its sixty-fifth annual meeting. About 1,000 delegates from all parts of North America were in their seats when the convention opened.

Mayor Harrison Leads Wheelmen.

Chicago, May 24.—Mayor Harrison, riding a wheel and escorted by eight officers in knickerbockers, led the annual Sunday run of the Chicago bicycle clubs yesterday. The parade started from Thirty-fifth street and Grand boulevard, and ended at the loop in Garfield park, and was participated in by 3,000 cyclists, of whom 150 were of the gentler sex.

FIRE WORKS HAVOC.

LICKS UP $650,000 IN HOBOKEN, N. J. PROPERTY.

Making 140 Families Homeless and Sweeping Away Their Household Goods—Narrow Escapes from Death—Big Factory Reduced to Ashes.

New York, May 21.—Twice last night fire visited Hoboken, N. J., and the loss was heavy. One whole block was reduced to ashes, 140 families were rendered homeless and a big factory was destroyed. The Hoboken fire department was totally unable to cope with the flames, and help was summoned from every portion of Hudson county. Later in the night the big dry docks at Seventeenth street caught fire. The first fire broke out at 8:30 in the big factory building in the block bounded by Thirteenth and Twelfth streets and Washington and Hudson streets. From the factory the flames leaped to the apartment houses on the block, and they were swept away. The factory was occupied by Strauss & Co. (R. H. Macy & Co.) cut glass and similar lines; Gallagher & Palmer, toilet articles and mirrors, and Benton & Heath, wall paper manufactureers. On either side of the factory were apartment houses. There were fourteen of the double flats, each one of the buildings being valued at $15,000.

Tenants Had Close Calls for Life.

The factory building, with its contents, is estimated to have been worth over a quarter of a million. The entire fire departments of Union Hill, West Hoboken and Weehawken responded to a call for help, as well as three engines from Jersey City. Despite this big aggregation of fire engines the flames spread with terrific fury. The occupants of the apartment houses saved but little of their household effects. A policeman carried out two children from one of the houses after they had been forgotten in the flight of the other occupants. A dying woman was rescued from one of the buildings after the fire had reached the bed clothing, but she was not harmed.

Extensive Dry Docks Take Fire.

About 10:30, while the big fire was at its worst, fire broke out in the big dry docks of Tietgen & Lang, at the foot of Seventeenth street. The docks were badly damaged and six or seven canal boats which the tugs could not reach in time to save were destroyed. The property loss is estimated by Chief Engineer Applegate, of the Hoboken fire department, to be $650,000.

THAT RASCAL KING IS CAPTURED.

Grabbed by the Law Before He Gets Out of the Country—Money Safe.

Farmington, Me., May 24.—Albert M. King, the Boston bank messenger who disappeared Tuesday with about $31,000 of the Boylston National bank's money, was arrested Saturday. King reached here on a train from the Rangeley lake region at 11:15 o'clock. Deputy Sheriff Dyer, who is also keeper of the Franklin county jail, met him at the station. King, when arrested, made no resistance, and calmly remarked: "You've got the right man." He was taken to the jail and searched.

Several packages of money were found in his pockets, apparently in the same shape as when taken from the bank. The total amount recovered was $40,940.35. King had two suits of clothes, a bicycle outfit having been put on first and an ordinary outfit cmfwkyqpjppp and an ordinary suit over it. He said the robbery was not premediated, but that the idea of taking the money seized him suddenly.

M'LAURIN TO BE SENATOR.

South Carolina Congressman Likely To Be Promoted.

Columbia, S. C., May 24.—There is little doubt as to the successor of the late Senator Earle, and as Governor Ellerbee thinks the Democrats should have their full strength in the senate at once he will probably make the appointment before many days.

Congressman John L. McLaurin is looked upon as practically certain to receive the appointment. If appointed he will be elected whether there is a primary next fall or not. It is left entirely to the legislature. Mr. McLaurin is the youngest man in the South Carolina congressional delegation. He was attorney general for four years and was elected to congress for his second term last fall. He is a member of the ways and means committee, and recently spoke in favor of a duty on cotton.

The Luetgert Wife-Murder Case.

Chicago, May 24.—Charred bones and some old clothing, said to be blood-stained, have been taken by the police from a building in the rear of the home of Adolph Luetgert, the wealthy sausage manufacturer who is accused of wife murder. The bones will be examined to determine if they are of the human body, and the stains on the clothing will be put under chemical test to ascertain whether they are blood-stains. The police attach great importance to this find.

Been Passing Forged Checks.

Milwaukee, May 20.—George B. Phillips, who claims that his father is one of the wealthiest men in Helena, Mont., was arrested here on a charge of passing forged checks. He has been in the city several days, stopping at the Plankinton House. He gave Manager King a check for $50 in payment for board, but from telegrams sent to the young man's father was found to be a forgery.

Greatest Diamond in the World Stolen.

London, May 24.—The greatest diamond in the world has been stolen. A cablegram has been received from Calcutta stating that the historical Victoria or Imperial diamond, valued at £300,000 ($1,500,000), had been taken from the government treasury at Hyderabad, and that no trace exists of the thief or thieves.

New Railway Line for Detroit.

Detroit, May 24.—Beginning today Detroit has a new southern railroad into the Ohio coal district. The first train arrived over the Detroit, Lima and Northern road from Springfield, O., entering Detroit over the Wabash road. Through trains will also be run to Cincinnati shortly.

Gaudaur Wins a Boat Race.

Orillia, Ont., May 25.—Gaudaur defeated Rogers by three lengths in the race for the sculling championship yesterday. The time was slow.

GRECO-TURKISH ARMISTICE.

Stipulations of the Agreement Finally Completed Yesterday.

Constantinople, May 21.—The armistice concluded yesterday is general, and includes the land and sea forces of both combatants. The ambassadors of the powers met yesterday afternoon to consider the terms of peace.

London, May 21.—The armistice agreement stipulates that a mixed commission of officers of superior rank shall establish a neutral zone between the two armies, and that no advance on either flank shall be permitted. It is understood that Turkey wants the commission to be constituted of the foreign military attaches with the two armies.

Crown Prince Constantine, it is said, sent a personal appeal to the czar not to allow the Greek army to be crushed by a force four times greater than itself, and that as a consequence the czar insisted on the armistice.

The Rome correspondent of The Daily Mail says he learns on unquestionable authority that the powers have agreed upon the chief conditions of peace, namely: Indemnity to the amount of £5,000,000 guaranteed by a control of the Greek customs and the rectification of the frontier, details as to which have not been settled.

MORE SHORTAGE AT LOGANSPORT.

An Item of $50,000 That a New York Banker Is Looking After.

Indianapolis, May 25. — "Johnny" Johnson, wrecker of the Logansport bank, who is in jail in this city, was asked if he had been preparing for years for the failure and if he had sent away large sums of money, as alleged. "Whatever the facts are," Johnson replied, "will appear when I am taken before Judge Baker. The facts are simple and incontestable. Whatever else may be said I can say that never in my life have I had other than honest motives and an honest heart.

"It is true I have made mistakes. We all make them. I had no dishonest purpose, and now that I have done one wrong is it not better for me to accept punishment and sentence of court, bear up and try to right this wrong? Should not my friends lend me strength by their sympathy? I think I am doing right in following the course of pleading guilty and taking punishment." Johnson's wife asked permission to occupy a cell in jail with him. This was denied her. The federal grand jury will indict Johnson today, and the probabilities are he will plead guilty and be sent to the Columbus penitentiary before the week ends.

Home Missions Carried the Day.

Winona Assembly, Eagle Lake, Ind., May 21.—Alternate rain and sunshine greeted the opening of the 109th general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America.

There were but two candidates for the moderatorship of the Presbyterian general assembly—Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the home secretary, and Dr. Henry C. Minton, the seminary professor. Both represent the work of the church on the Pacific coast, but the rank and file of the commissioners rallied to the standard bearer of home missions. The politicians of the assembly were treated to a great surprise, and the election of Dr. Jackson by a vote of 313 to 238 was characterized by many delegates as a "breaking of the machine." It was a victory for the more liberal branch of the church, and was in line with the election of Dr. Withrow last year.

Dominion Keeps the Birthday.

Ottawa, Ont., May 25.—The anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth was observed generally throughout Canada yesterday. In Ottawa a state dinner and reception was given by Lord and Lady Abredeen in honor of the day. The announcement of the birthday honors by the queen has been postponed until jubilee week.

Protest Against a Chapel.

New York, May 25.—At a meeting of the Methodist ministers of this city yesterday a resolution was adopted, protesting against any allotment of government land for a Roman Catholic chapel at West Point. The protest is to be sent to President McKinley.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, May 24.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened nominal, closed 73¾c; July, opened 72c, closed 71⅝c; September, 67½c, closed 66¼c; December, opened nominal, closhe2345 ,fic0$v e aJnentayic - 69c, closed 68c. Corn—May, opened 24⅝c, closed nominal; July, opened and closed 24½c; September, opened 24⅜c, closed 25¼c. Oats—May, opened 18c, closed 17⅝c; July, opened 18c, closed 17⅝c; September, opend and closed 18c. Pork—May, opened and closed nominal; July, opened $8.15, closed $8.20. Lard—May, opened $3.70, closed nominal; July, opened $3.75, closed $3.77½c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stocks, 10c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb; chickens, 7½c; ducks, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@26c per bu. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.50@3.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 24.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 51,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.75 for light, $3.35@3.50 for rough packing, $3.60@3.72½ for mixed, and $3.55@3.72½ for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,500; quotations ranged at $5.15@5.45 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.10 good to choice do., $4.25@4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.60@4.00 stockers, $4.10@4.60 feeders, $2.00@4.15 cows, $2.60@4.60 heifers, $2.60@4.25 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.20@4.50 Texas steers, and $3.50@4.10 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $3.50@4.80 westerns, $2.70@4.10 Texans, $2.50@4.90 natives, and $3.25@5.60 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, May 24.

Wheat—Irregular; No. 2 spring, 75c; No. 1 northern, 78½c; July, 71¾c. Corn—Dull; No. 3, 24@24½c. Oats—Firmer; No. 2 white, 21½@22½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 32¼c; samples, 24½@32½. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 36½c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, May 24.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 91½c asked; track No. 2 hard cash, 80c asked; July, 74¼@74¾c. Corn—Easy; No. 2 cash, 22¾c bid; July, 22¾c bid. Oats—Firm; No. 2 cash, 20c; July, 18¾c bid. Rye—Steady, 34c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, May 24.

Wheat—Cash white, 87c bid; cash red, 87c bid; May, 87c bid; July, 75½c bid.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, May 21.—The senate yesterday reconsidered the vote defeating the gas frontage bill and made it the special order for next Tuesday.

The house was in a turmoil while the bill was under discussion. So terrific was the disturbance that it was heard plainly at the Leland hotel six blocks away. During the turmoil bill files were smashed by pounding desks, waste baskets were hurled indiscriminately across the hall, the Democratic members shouted themselves hoarse and a free-for-all fight was prevented only by the action of the cool-headed members. Novak, who had been shouting for recognition for an hour, left his seat and proceeded up the aisle to the speaker's desk. The Republicans, thinking that it was his purpose to drag Speaker Curtis from the chair, made a rush to defend the speaker. Novak was grabbed by the coat collar by Needles and dragged from the platform. This was the signal for a rush from the Democratic side to defend Novak, and in the scramble that ensued there was a general mix-up in which Galligan of Chicago attempted to use the wooden mallet.

Springfield, May 22.—The senate did no business of importance yesterday except to adjourn to 5 p. m. Monday. In the house the Chicago real estate board revenue bill was sent to third reading. The congressional apportionment bill was introduced and sent to second reading. A favorable report was ordered by the judicial committee on the senate libel bill. The house judiciary committee, after listening to John M. Harlan, of Chicago, in opposition for nearly two hours, and other Chicagoans for an hour or so more, voted to report favorably the new street railway bill.

Springfield, May 25.—The house convened last evening with a larger attendance than usual on Monday. Several measures were advanced on the calendar, among them a number of appropriation bills and the senate bill allowing warehousemen to buy and sell grain, which was made the special order on third reading today. A quorum was lacking in the senate, and adjournment was taken after reading the journal.

"Professor" Arrested for Murder.

Anna, Ills., May 25.—J. W. Hedgepath, alias "Professor" J. C. Willard, a ventriloquist, was arrested here on a warrant issued in Gibson county, Ind., charging him with the murder of J. B. Massey, a saloonkeeper of Princeton, Ind., on the night of April 30th. Massey was closing his saloon for the night when he was struck on the head with a base ball bat and robbed of $15 and a watch. He died at his home soon afterward. Hedgepath claims to be a cousin of Marion Hedgepath, the train robber who is serving a term in a penitentiary in Missouri. He says he is innocent of the crime for which he was arrested.

Why Tanner Pardons Scruggs.

Springfield, Ills., May 22.—Governor Tanner has pardoned James Scruggs from the southern Illinois penitentiary, where he was serving a twenty-year sentence for being accessory to the murder of William H. Napier in Pulaski county, in April, 1893. In granting the pardon Governor Tanner gives the following reasons: The petition for pardon was a strong one. Since Scruggs' conviction and incarceration his wife has become insane, and last January died, leaving three small children, who have the protection of neither father nor mother.

Illinois Railways Take Notice.

Springfield, Ills., May 21.—The Illinois warehouse and railroad commission is sending to all the roads in the state notifying the same that on June 1 new rules of practice governing the construction and operation of the interlocking switch plants, requiring that reports be made to the commission by the 5th of each month showing their condition, will go into effect. The commission has under advisement the entire revision of Illinois classification rates.

Miners Unanimous for a Strike.

Spring Valley, Ills., May 25.—At a mass-meeting of miners held here Sunday a strike of this coal field was ordered by all but a unanimous vote. Only two colored men protested against this action. There are a great many men here who have not been given contracts under the new scale, and this has caused deep dissatisfaction. The strike was ordered to continue until a full settlement for the district takes place.

Killed by a Vicious Hog.

Mascoutah, Ills., May 25.—George Greisbaum, a prominent farmer, was feeding stock at his home near here when a vicious hog attacked him. He was badly injured and died a short time later. Greisbaum was about 70 years old and had resided in the vicinity of New Baden about fifty years. His grown son was killed by a railroad train a short time ago.

Charles L. Draper Indicted.

Jacksonville, Ills., May 20.—Charles L. Draper, who stabbed Charles L. Hastings 150 times in Judge Kirby's office the night of March 31, has been indicted by the grand jury on six counts. He will be brought up in a few days, but will hardly come to trial this term of court, as his lawyers mean to wait for public feeling to subside.

Tanner Calls a Special Election.

Springfield, Ills., May 25.—Governor Tanner yesterday issued a proclamation calling for a special election to be held on June 4 for a judge of Clinton county to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Jesse Jones, on May 15.

State Notes.

Miss Mary M. Bartelme, of Chicago, who has been appointed public guardian by Governor Tanner, is the first one of her sex to hold the position. Her duty is to look after the estates of friendless children.

The tanners' strike at Chicago has been declared off, the strikers having lost the battle.

Two men attempted to hold up a messenger in the sub-treasury office at Chicago. They drew revolvers and threatened death, but the messenger made an outcry and the thugs ran away. One, W. H. Russell, was arrested later.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 19.

The spring catch of the Victoria sealing fleet was 4,478 skins.

One set of London decadents has taken up the worship of the Greek deities. It holds religious services in a place in Holborn fitted up as a temple.

English prisoners who are not educated up to a certain standard receive compulsory instruction in their cells twice a week.

Drs. Seguy and Quenisset, of Paris, who have made a special study of the effect of X-rays, advise all persons with weak hearts to keep away from the rays.

After many years of service in the employ of J. V. Farwell & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants, Chicago, William L. Meyers was arrested, charged with having embezzled $10,000 of the firm's money.

Henry Willoughby's announced determination to assassinate W. J. Chalmers of the firm of Fraser & Chalmers, Chicago, came close to a climax. Willoughby was arrested while on his way to Chalmers' office, and is now a prisoner.

Thursday, May 20.

Nearly all the business houses, fifteen in number, and several dwellings in the town of Calumet, Ia., on the Iowa Central railway, were burned, causing a loss of $50,000.

Fire at Jersey City burned all night and rendered sixty families homeless.

Oscar Wilde was released from prison at London yesterday after serving two years for unmentionable practices, as alleged.

The big lens for the Yerkes telescope at Lake Geneva has arrived in Chicago from Boston.

Frank Miller has been convicted at Columbus, O., of murder in the first degree for killing Mrs. Saluda Miller, the wife of his employer.

Lord Wolseley proposes to begin reform in the army by abolishing the cocked hats and feathers worn by staff officers.

The town of Talihina, I. T., with the exception of the stores of Miller and Thomas Bros., was destroyed by fire.

Friday, May 21.

Lillian Russell has begun suit for divorce from her latest husband, Sig. Perugini (John Chatterton).

Fire did $150,000 damage in Meriden, Miss.

The Belknap Savings bank closed its doors at Laconia, N. H. About $1,000,000 is due depositors. The bank will go into voluntary liquidation.

The Canadian house of commons has passed a bicycle baggage bill.

Horatio King, postmaster general in Buchanan's administration and a literateur of some note, died at Washington yesterday, aged 85.

The oldest university is that of Paris, which is more than 1,100 year old. Oxford is almost as old.

The town of Bonanza, in Castor county, Ida., was destroyed by fire.

Saturday, May 22.

Black Hawk, the chief of the Winnebagoes, will visit the Iowa state fair this summer. The chief is now 90 years old.

Heavy rains have swollen the Rio Grande and other streams in New Mexico and considerable damage has been done.

A 14-year-old daughter of Charles Caneman, living near Hortonville, Wis., has disappeared.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, has directed State Inspector Lester to start on a tour of the counties where tollgate outrages are being perpetrated to cooperate with the officers of those counties and aid them in enforcing the law.

California farmers, through their various grange organizations, are working hard to secure a free market and a transportation center.

Henry B. Cheatham, the colored man who has been appointed recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, is a large property owner in the District.

Monday, May. 24

After striking for four years at a cost to the union of $1,000,000, the flint glass workers have admitted defeat and declared the strike off.

Governor Ellerbee, of South Carolina, will in all probability appoint John L. McLaurin as the successor of the late United States Senator Earle.

Richard M. Scruggs, a St. Louis merchant prominent in religious affairs, has been arrested at New York for smuggling and the contrabrand found on his person.

Jame Allen Rice, mayor of Canton, O., has entered the race for the Democratic nomination for governor of the Buckeye State.

The Duke of Tetuan has decided not to resign from the Spanish cabinet as the result of his "scrap" with Professor Comas.

The Third National bank of New York has practically gone out of business. The accounts are being transferred to the National City bank.

Abe Donaldson, Mrs. Shreves and Miss Martin were drowned in Beaver creek, Nicholas county, W. Va., while attempting to cross on a log.

Miss Cordius Cole, of Bedford, Ia., captured the elecutionary contest medal at Hardin college, Mexico, Mo., her subject being "To the Lions."

Tuesday, May 25.

The snow in the timber is even with the top of the jack pines, eight and ten feet in height, between Saratoga and the Savery country in Woyming.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

A POET'S CONSTANCY.

Oh, praise is ever sweet to hear!
In simple candor I confess it,
And then, I own, 'tis doubly dear
When loving lips like yours express it.

And yet when calmly I reflect
How much is due to Cupid's blindness,
Forgive me, dear, if I suspect
Your praises only prove your kindness.

Whatever virtues I may boast
(And slight, indeed, is my profession),
The one you praise and prize the most
May be the least in my possession.

You call me "constant" and revere
A mind so steady and unswerving,
But never poet yet, I fear,
Of such applause was quite deserving.

The poet's constancy at best
Is like the bee's—voluptuous rover—
Still constant to his honey quest,
Though found in apple bloom or clover.

And do I thus my faith impeach
As one untrue to love's vocation?
A moment's patience, I beseech,
And you shall hear my explanation.

Suppose the bee, so prone to stray
As fancy bids from bower to bower,
Should chance to find some lucky day
A wondrous honey bearing flower,

Which, though she sipped and came again
As often as the day was sunny,
Quite unexhausted should remain,
An everflowing fount of honey.

Such praise as she might fitly claim,
If ne'er again she proved a rover,
So much (the cases are the same)
Is due your fond and faithful lover.
—John G. Saxe in New York Ledger.

CONSCIENCE.

It was raining, not hard, but a soft, whispering downfall that blurred the outlines of the hills, crowned with glory of deodar and rhododendron, and hardly flecked the smooth surface of the lake that they held between them.

The only two Europeans out in the dreary afternoon were a young man and a girl, who had sheltered under a rock that overhung a hill path some 30 feet above the water. The girl sat with hands clasped round her knees, sailor hat tilted over her eyes and damp hair straggling about her forehead. She was looking across the lake at the hills above and beyond it, and the other, who, by his smooth young face, was hardly more than a boy, was looking at her. He had been playing polo. His white breeches and long boots were splashed and stained, and there was a glimpse of a jersey under the covert coat. He was thin and white, and his eyes were anxious.

"You are always right," he said, "and if you were not I should still believe in you. But—is the thing so impossible?"

"It is impossible," she said. "I dare not do it. I dare not take the best of you now, giving my base metal for your gold and say, 'This is my portion—only mine.' Do not mistake my meaning. I love you as well as I am able, but the slightest love that I can produce is not fit to be weighed in the scale against yours. This is not my fault; it is my misfortune—the result, I think sometimes, of my upbringing. Thank God, I can see my limitations, and to tie you to me now would be to cripple you for life, and in the end to damn both of us. This is your first love, you say. It has been born too soon. It may not come to fruition. Neither shall it be poured out for me, who am unworthy. Driven back into your heart again, it will leave the power you now expend upon it to be used to better purpose."

"You and I differ in our estimates of you," he said. "You paint yourself all weakness, all hollowness, all contradiction, and yet here to my power, as you are pleased to call it, you oppose a will so strong and inflexible that nothing I can do will bend it."

"That is because I love you," she said. "It is the utmost I can do—my supreme effort. If I loved you a little less, if my eyes were not gifted for the time with this inner sight— But, there, let us put aside sentimental considerations for a moment and think of what it means from the worldly point of view. Aren't you penniless? Am I not thriftless and destitute of that femininity—I can't define it better—that most women get as their birthright? There's a superficial cleverness about me which you, in your honest heart, admire, but how far does it take me to getting 16 annas for my rupee or putting a tidy hem to a dishcloth? I can't worry over these things in the approved housewifely fashion. It's not in me. Trifles? No, those are the realities of life. And, even granting that love could teach me these things—which I doubt—still you could not do it. Wouldn't you have to leave the regiment and give up your place among your equals and lose your right to let men know you for what you are?"

"I can't put aside the consideration that I love you better than all these things," he said slowly. "It is the finest regiment on earth, I admit, but you are the only woman. Well, yes, it would mean poverty. That is why I am a madman to ask you to share it. But you are not afraid of that."

"Oh, yes, I am!" she said. "I am an arrant coward in addition to my other shortcomings. Only I could do with it because I have never known anything better. You don't know what it is, really. You have a bother to meet your bills sometimes, and that is bad, but they are paid somehow, and you don't have to do actually anything less than what the others do—men who have money and interest to set against your brains. Given time and no millstone round your neck, you will keep level, and then you will begin to forge ahead. It is hard for a man to rise by sheer worth, but it is possible, only he must have a free hand and no one to think of but himself.

"But married— The aspect would change at once. And even though you were still as good as other men, even perhaps a little better, I should know what you had missed, and why. Perhaps it is that I am too proud for you to give up the best of your life for me. That must be it. Yes, I am too proud."

"Why should we not wait?"

"Why, indeed? Well, since you must have it, I have pictured it often enough. I have seen you in the flush of your youth at the outset of your career—and I believe that career will be a high one—set down to wait for a distant happiness. You don't see me. I am removed. I see you afraid to venture this move or that move—and you know there are always risks in the life game—because you are waiting. I see you dulled to what is going on around you, dulled to the present need and the present opportunity, because you are waiting. I see you waiting on without regret, and gradually, gradually, the spirit is sapped out of you, the ambition to be anything but as other men are. The fine temper that is in you now is numbed, and after that there remains mediocrity, which in you would be failure. And for the man you should be there will only be a somebody in the ruck, whereas you were made for the van."

"I don't understand."

"No, that is my part. And then again there is my side to look upon. I am to go away from you and to be without you for years and years. I shall never forget you; I shall not cease to love you; I shall always think of you tenderly and hungrily, because I am your love and you are mine. But, at the same time, I am only myself, a poor, patchy, inconsistent thing. Other people stronger than I will come by and influence me more because t y are nearer than you at a distance—not because they can dim the love for you, understand."

"Can you do without me?" he said.

She wrenched herself away and burst into a wild fit of crying.

"Oh, my God, what a brute I am!" he said. "My darling—listen. Ah, stop crying. You make my heart bleed. I cannot assent to what you say of yourself, I cannot follow what you say of me. You are more sensitive than I; you catch sounds and signs where I neither hear nor see. But I have learned enough to know that I only torture you by my persistence, and that I do not move you one inch from your position. It is your wish that we should part, and so it must be, and perhaps some day I shall understand. I know that you are making a great sacrifice and that it is for me. You will forgive me if I cannot yet see clearly wherein is the urgent necessity. You stooped to me in your condescension, you made me your lover for always. I loved you—I worship you, and I hold it to my honor to have had your love."

He put his arm round her again and drew her head down to his shoulder, and her sobs shook him as they sat thus. Presently the sobs became fewer, and then came only at long intervals.

She spoke at last.

"It must be. I am not worth it—not worth your love. And you will be a better man—yes, and in the end a happier one. Believe in me if you will ,at least it can do no harm now that we are to be apart. Hold me close for a minute, since it is the end. Oh, where could the world show another such lover?"

And from the future that was closing down upon them she plucked the veil savagely.

"I am glad. Yes, I am glad to lose you."

"You're tired. Suppose we sit it out instead of dancing?"

"Yes, that will do," said the girl. "I am tired."

The music had begun before the man spoke, and two or three couples swept into the ballroom as he crossed it with the girl on his arm. It was a stuffy night, gemmed outside with the lights of the street and of carriages moving slowly before the entrance and crowded within by a London semifashionable throng, bent in a bored way upon amusement. The big hall, green with palms and dark with carved oak, was full of a kaleidoscopic mixture of bright dresses, expansive shirt fronts, babble of voices and laughter, and beyond there was a glimpse of the supper room, starred with lights and resounding with the jingle of plates and glasses. The girl and the man walked through together and down a corridor to a couple of chairs in the shelter of a Japanese screen. Opposite them a French window framed a patch of garden hung about with paper lanterns, and above that came dusky tree tops and the stars.

The girl, who was the girl of the hillside, leaned back in her chair and twisted a fan about with restless fingers. Certainly at the moment she looked tired. The man twirled his mustache up, first one side and then the other. It was touched with gray, and his hair was flecked, too, but his face was that of a man in his prime—masterful, square jawed and obstinate. There was a deep line from nostril to mouth corner, and his hands were strong and shapely. He crossed his legs, tilted his chair back until he could watch the girl's profile without being guilty of staring and spoke.

"I believe you wanted to speak to me?"

"People take it for granted that I am—am—going to marry you. It is intolerable."

"Ah!" He dropped his mustache and tilted the chair back a little more. "Why intolerable? I am told I am a most eligible person."

She twisted the fan nervously.

"I dare say. I do not want to discuss your eligibility. That is a matter which does not concern me. What does concern me is that I will not be made the subject of these rumors. You know how they come about and where the remedy lies."

"Said remedy being, of course, my extinction, self produced? I know a better one."

"No."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry with that negative. Consider a moment. Is it all due to my persistence and my constant presence? Doesn't some of it come from a casual interest that you take in me, and that shows itself, as these things will, to a too observant world?"

"I am not in the least in love with you, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, no; not at all. I am in love with you, and that suffices—for the present. But still, you take an interest, all the same."

"I suppose so. It is that you fascinate me somehow, and your obstinacy frightens me. I never met a man who was so little moved by my wishes and my words."

"Excuse me. I shall have the greatest pleasure in gratifying some of your wishes."

"Meaning, if I want a toy out of a shop window. My wish is that you take 'no' for an answer and go away."

"And that is what I will not do. No; I love you, and I am going to marry you. Let there be no mistake about it. My love may seem rather brutal—men's passions are brutal under some conditions—but it is a solid affair and it will give you something firm to lean upon and to stand by. You will find me a fairly easy husband when you have realized the futility of pouting at the inevitable. There is the tender side to my love that will give you much, be proud of you, cherish you and stick to you. I'm not a small minded person, and I am wonderfully easy to deal with when I have my own way. That will not be very difficult to give. It only wants—you."

"But why—why—why?" said the girl. "Why should I give myself to you? Just to please your passion? I am not much of a woman, but I have a soul of sorts."

"Well, partly, I suppose. You don't expect a man to make love violently to establish platonic friendship, do you? But I am not a brute, though I am a man. I have watched you since we met, and I have got your character off fairly well. You are undecided about most things; you are obstinate in a weak fashion; you have a supersensitive character that gives you a great deal of pain, and the weapons with which you essay to fight a rough world cut your own hands when you use them. Come to me. I will do the fighting. I will lead, and instead of falling back on your own judgment, too shifting to be reliable, you will have me always behind you to turn to. As to the love, that will come. I fascinate you, you say. You take a fearful pride in the thought that I am your lover, because I am a lover in whom a woman may well be proud. Yes, I don't care to sham becoming modesty just now. And that pride will father a love as strong as most women bear to their husbands. I don't disgust you; far from it. If you will remember, I kissed you once, and you"—

"That is brutal."

"No; it is only the truth, and this is the time for plain speaking."

The conversation paused for a little. The fan twirled on, and then said the girl:

"This is all very kind and disinterested of you, no doubt, but there are plenty of other indecisive women in the world sorely in need of backing. Go and help them."

"As I said before, I love you; hence the present situation. You don't see why I should, for you are not particularly beautiful; you are stiff necked; you are not at all domesticated. Well, I am so far in love that I can't consider why, except it be that there is a barrier of unapproachableness about you that I long to beat down. I want to stir you out of that cold blooded indifference that you affect. I do not believe in it either, for you are not likely to have come to your present age without there having been some other fellow."

She turned upon him.

"Well, that is true; there was another man. He loved me with an unselfish devotion beside which this love of yours is unspeakable. He left me because he would not tempt me against my conscience. You don't care a button whether I violate my own sense of decency or not."

"Extravagance again," he said. "I will uproot that peculiar standard of yours and set up one better fitted for wear and tear. He loved you unselfishly, did he? So much the less man he."

"I will not let you speak of him. He is dead to me, and holy for that reason if for no other."

"Forgive me," said the man, bending toward her. "God knows I would not hurt you for the world. If that man could love you as a man loves and yet conquer the mad longing that I have now to hold you in my arms, he must have been very noble and worthy whatsoever you gave him."

"He was more than worthy. He was too good for it."

"No man could be too good for that rare smile of yours or for your kiss. You would honor him beyond his deserts. Ah, my sweetheart, do you think I don't worship you too? You are the sweetest, the dearest, the snow purest of women, and you have all my homage, all my love, all my desire to shield you and help you. God knows I am no saint, but I am not afraid for this love of mine. I never loved another woman in this fashion. You want peace? Then find it in my arms."

He held them out and bent toward her. His eyes, that could be so hard and unrelenting, were soft and pleading now. They were alone in the dim light of the corridor. There was no one to see or care, and his face and attitude asked plainer than words. A strong man in his pride humbling himself to ask this thing from her! There passed through her mind the vision of life with him beside her—a life with some high ideals shattered, perhaps, but with many torturing doubts and difficulties ended. What did it matter, after all, the fantastic isolation she had striven for? It was not good to be alone, and, then, that passion might not stir her love, but it thrilled the fibers of her being as a woman. Into the holy of holies he might not penetrate—that was closed forevermore—but he could fill the outer room and absorb her storm tossed spirit into his, as the river absorbs the brook.

"No, no!" she said, pushing him away. But the resistance was faint, and in another second his lips were on hers, and in that contact, perforce, she gave the betrothal kiss. In the moment of defeat she found time to learn that there was pleasure in the surrender. He put his arms around her and held her to him strongly, sheltering her face with his own and letting her heart throb against his. Then he released her, and, in another faroff supreme moment, she burst into tears.

"My darling," he said tenderly. "Choke back the tears; this is not the time or place. I will leave you for a moment."

He walked away toward the end of the corridor, and she stood up, leaning against the window and letting the night air fan her burning face.

"And so it ends!" she said. "As I feared—as I knew. Oh, my love, my love, you did well to leave me! 'A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work—and then we go with the drove.' A woman says that, and it is true. Who can fight such a one sided battle? Oh, that I had been born anything but a woman and any rather than in the present time! A hundred years back I should not have known; a hundred years hence perhaps there will be something better to safeguard us than a man's caprice. As it is—and as I am"—

The man came back. He took her hands in his and looked into her face.

"Poor child!" he said. "Never did any one torment you with kindlier intention. Don't be afraid; I am not going to touch you till you give me leave. Your face is still tear stained a little. Give me your handkerchief. I found your sister in the hall. She is just going, and you can slip away with her. I have your cloak on the chair yonder. Don't be afraid of what people may say; nobody will think or talk this time—I have managed that."

She stood quietly while he put her cloak round her, fastened it with deft fingers and put a lace wrap over her hair, knotting it below the chin. Then he looked at her wistfully.

"Perhaps you will give me a kiss of your own accord?"

And, for answer, she lifted her face to his like a child and kissed him submissively.—London Sketch.

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THE SOOTY PETREL.

A Fish Eating Bird That Is Deemed a Delicacy In Australia.

Tastes differ in different latitudes, even among English speaking people. Imagine Caucasians dining on salted petrels, and with a relish, too, as though that fish eating sea bird were a luxury. Of all the fowls that haunt the barren islands on the California coast none is considered quite so worthless as the sooty petrel. Even the sea gull has his usefulness as a scavenger on the bays along the coast, but the petrel is truly a despised bird in these waters. Sea gulls' eggs bring a price in the market that makes it worth while to gather them at a considerable expense, but no one thinks it worth while to rob the petrels' nests on the rookeries at the Farallone islands.

It is different in Australia. Is it the cold winds that blow up from the antarctic regions or the hot air that sweeps down from the equator? No matter what the cause, the fact is that the appetites of our Australian cousins are radically different. The sooty petrel is there an edible fowl, with a decided market value, and a number of men and small craft are employed each year in catching, salting, packing and carrying it in great quantities from the rookeries on Trefoil island and other adjoining islands on the north coast of Tasmania to Stanley and Melbourne.

Mutton bird is the general name given the petrel there, and the men and ships engaged in the business are known as mutton birders. To Americans this is quite a novel industry, and the fact that such common sea birds as the petrel are packed and salted down like so much pork is always a matter of wonderment to strangers who go there. But the test of the pudding is in the eating of it, and those who have dined off mutton birds instead of land mutton pronounce the one every bit as good as the other.

If you leave San Francisco in August, sailing westward and southward, you will pass many great flocks of birds that will be pointed out to you as sooty petrels—or they will pass you, for they are traveling about three times faster than you are. And when you reach Melbourne and have become acclimated enough to venture a trip across to Tasmania, you may dine off the young of those very birds that passed you on the California coast, only now they will be served to you as mutton birds.

These fowls leave the Farallones every few months, and once every year they visit Australia. Trefoil island is their chief roosting place in the southern hemisphere, so far as is known. Here they scratch and dig in the barren soil until they have burrowed a hole perhaps two feet deep. Into these holes each hen in the immense flock deposits her one egg. The mutton birder inserts his arm full stretch for his game. He does not take the egg, but waits a week or ten days after the egg has been hatched. Then he finds the young bird almost as big as the parent, but much more tender and fat. On land the petrel is quite unable to escape from the catchers. It cannot mount into the air from off the land, though its wings are enormously long in proportion to its black body, and it rises quite gracefully from the water. On shore, however, the strange bird must hop along at a slow pace and can only fly from the top of a ledge. Certain points of Trefoil island are littered with thousands of these nests, and it is no difficult task to gather the yearly harvest of young mutton birds. The mutton birding season on Trefoil island lasts from a month to six weeks, and this includes the catching, salting, packing and shipping. They are packed in casks, and these are loaded on coasting schooners that come after them from Tasmania and Melbourne.

By the time the fresh crop of mutton birds is being eaten at Melbourne the adult parents, with perhaps a certain percentage of the young ones that have escaped the catchers, are returning to their old haunts, occupying the old and scratching new nests on the Farallone islands. Here the birds are practically unmolested, and it may thus be said, with some basis in reason, that the California coast is supplying the Australian coasters with their edible sea fowl.

It is true, of course, that the petrel finds other quiet nesting places besides the islands off the California coast, but it is also true that Catalina, the Santa Barbara channel islands and the Farallones are their chief rookeries on this coast, and that at certain seasons these islands are entirely deserted by them, while the islands off Tasmania and the southern coast of Australia then swarm with them.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Care of the Mouth When Ill.

When one is in good health, the mouth needs no special care beyond that of ordinary cleanliness. Indeed, the secretions of the various glands located in it act as disinfectants and keep it sweet. But few, however, are so healthy but they need to pay some attention to this organ, and when one is ill with any serious disease this becomes more and more necessary. One physician has found it advantageous to have patients suffering with fever chew occasionally some aromatic gum to stimulate the secretions of the mouth and wash out or destroy micro organisms or fermentation going on there. Another has accomplished the same end by having the patient chew some splinters of fresh pine wood. Dr. Rosenfield gives quite full directions for cleansing the mouth under such circumstances. He says that "in children and very old persons the less solid food taken the greater should be the care with the mouth. They should rinse it out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little common salt, tincture of myrrh or eau de cologne added to stimulate secretion. When there is a tendency to bleeding of the gums or when the teeth are bad, a pinch of powdered oric acid may be twice daily rubbed in between the lips and gums. Patients with false teeth should remove them when they cannot take solid food.

"Patients with fever should have something to drink—cold water or weak lemonade—at least every hour. One must not wait till the patient asks for a drink. Besides preventing dryness, the fluid maintains the activity of the glands and the whole function of the mucous membrane. Many patients are prevented from drinking by a painful, dry and cracked condition of the lips, and therefore all feverish patients should, from the commencement of their illness, have their lips rubbed several times a day with vaseline. In protracted cases of fever the mouth may also be swabbed out with oil or greatly diluted glycerin.—New York Ledger.

Captured by Schoolgirls.

At Columbus, O., on one occasion Grant, after shaking hands with the crowd for three hours, was worn out, and the committee of arrangements retired him to some steps above the throng, says an exchange, and stationed General Wilcox and other officers along the line to say the general would not shake hands. They had just got to running on this programme when the girls of the high school came through, as bright a cluster of pretty faces and figures as any man ever looked on.

As they came within sight of the general a little miss in the lead began to take off her gloves. General Wilcox, with all the severity of military politeness, said, "No, you can't shake hands with the general," and so the word was passed along, the other officers each one saying to the girl, "You can't shake hands with the general." But just as she came to where the steps that she must take began to descend she held up her hand with an appealing look to Grant. He looked down at her face, into her eyes and said to the committee, "I can't stand that, I can't stand that." And he stepped down and shook hands with the girl, and in an instant was literally overwhelmed with a tornado of girls. They not only shook his hands, but jumped up to kiss him, kissed his hands and fondled his hair, and for five minutes all discipline was gone.

Fixing a Price.

"What's that job worth?" they asked the contractor.

"Well," he said slowly, "that depends a good deal upon circumstances. If it was ordered by an individual, I should think that $100 would be about the limit, but if done for the city or county I shouldn't think of charging a bit less than $850, with a clause in the contract permitting me to make an additional charge for extras."—Chicago Post.

The Other Baby.

They occupied the seats opposite me in the railway station. There were four men and one little woman and one very little sick baby. It was not hard to see where the interest of the group centered itself. The young father himself was scarcely more solicitous for the infant than was each and every one of his three brothers. It was quite evident that the heart strings of five people lay loosely in the thin, nerveless hand of that young one.

They were going west. So the placards said which were pasted here and there over the baggage. The baby lay motionless upon a pillow. It was evidently just snatched from the jaws of death. The eyes were closed, the face emaciated to the point of ugliness, the hands the tiny, fleshless claws of a bird.

The young wife leaned her head upon the shoulder of her husband and closed her eyes. She was very pretty, despite the dark circles under her eyes, and very young—about 18. The baby on his pillow lay upon her knees.

Suddenly, in another portion of the waiting room a child laughed. A mischievous, bubbling sort of laugh, which made the waiting ones about the depot look at each other and smile.

The little mother opened her eyes and glanced up at her husband.

"Jack," she said, "I wish our baby could laugh like that."—Philadelphia Press.

A HEROIC HISTORY.

The Stormy Career of the Little Island of Crete.

There are not many islands with a more stormy or more heroic history than that of Crete. In remote antiquity it was the redoubtable "isle of one hundred cities" and had an illustrious line of kings, among who were Rhadamanthus, Minos and Idomeneus. The last named led a fleet of 80 ships to assist in the conquest of Troy and was the last of what we may call the legendary kings. After him a gap of several centuries occurs, and when the record is resumed it is no longer fable, but authentic history.

At the time of the Persian invasion of Greece the island was populous and prosperous. It was divided into several independent republics, which, like those of peninsular Hellas, were not always in peace and friendship with each other. They kept free from foreign wars, however, except as they voluntarily furnished mercenary troops to whichever side would pay the best for them. This was done in both the Persian and Pelloponnesian wars, when the Cretan archers were as noted and as dreaded as those of merry England in later days.

The prowess of the ancient Cretans and their insular position kept them free from invasion down almost to the Christian era. While the eagles of Rome "flapped wide wings in fiery flight" over nearly all else of the known world that island retained its independence. Indeed it was only through intestine quarrels that it was at last subdued. Some 70 years before the Christian era Rome took advantage of the prevailing discord in Crete to invade the island, on the pretext that the Cretans had given aid and comfort to Mithridates and had ill treated some Roman soldiers. The first army was repulsed and almost annihilated by the Cretans.

But Rome was determined to achieve the conquest if it took the whole power of her empire. Army after army was sent, and after three years of desperate fighting Rome prevailed. For the first time in her history Crete became, in 68 B. C., subject to an alien master. From that day to the present, for more than 1900 years, she has been a conquered province, never once regaining the independence so long maintained and so reluctantly relinquished.—New York Tribune.

A TERRIER'S REVENGE.

Summoned His Faithful Friend and Obtained Satisfaction.

This dog story was told to a reporter by a lady who vouches for its accuracy. Remarkable as it is, she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth:

An up the state family had two dogs—a bulldog and a black and tan—between which there existed every evidence of deep friendship. The family went into the country one summer some 16 miles from home. They took the black and tan with them, but left his companion at home. They had not been established in their summer quarters more than a few days before the small dog had managed to pick a quarrel with a neighbor's bulldog, in which the black and tan got much the worse of the argument, so much so that when he disappeared after the battle his owners were much worried. They searched high and low, but no trace of that small dog could be found.

The next morning there was seen coming up the road side by side the black and tan and his faithful companion, the bulldog, from home. The two marched straight past the hotel where the family were staying and halted in front of the home of the black and tan's enemy. In some unknown manner the country bulldog was summoned, and immediately his city contemporary fell upon him. The struggle was severe and prolonged, but the issue was never in doubt. The country bulldog was completely conquered and retired in as good order as possible under the circumstances. The victor, once his task completed, wheeled about and without a stop retraced the 16 miles to home. The black and tan crawled into the hotel with every indication of complete satisfaction on his diminutive countenance.—New York Mail and Express.

Banker Johnson, of Logansport, Ind., arrested on a charge of embezzling $300,000, is in jail at Indianapolis, having failed to secure sureties for $25,000 bail.

The present of the sultan of Turkey to Emperor William, a large collection of costly, ancient Turkish weapons, has been placed on view in the royal arsenal of Berlin.

GRAPES AND THE APPENDIX.

The Little Seeds Are Not So Dangerous as Has Been Claimed.

Things have been said about the baneful and delicious juice of the grape ever since the olden time when Noah found out about it and came thereby to grief, but even before that men ate grapes, and only within the last decade have they been talked to about that. It is only since surgeons began to make money hunting for grape seeds in the vermiform appendix that people have been afraid to eat grapes and to eat them straight.

It now appears that in all the thousands of cases famous, and possibly in some cases infamous, in which this new fashioned surgical operation has been performed there is not one case in which a grape seed or any other little bullet shaped thing has been found in the vermiform appendix. The whole interior of the appendix is only big enough to admit a medium sized darning needle. Nobody knows what it is there for, but it must have been useful at some time. It is a case of the survival of the unfit, like the wisdom teeth, which are of so little use to most people, and the tonsils, which cause so much trouble now and then.

The tonsils and the appendix are both unused parts of the body and peculiarly liable to disease because they are not strengthened by use. If inflammation attacks them, they are unable to resist. Thus many diseases which have been ascribed to peritonitis or colic or a mysterious providence of some kind have been due to the diseased condition of this little useless organ of the human system, and if the trouble had been discovered in time the appendix could have been removed, and all would have been well.

The remedy, therefore, is not in avoiding grape seeds, which do not cause the trouble, but in keeping as well and as strong as possible, and in case of sudden illness calling a reliable doctor, who will know what the matter is. Somebody once said that most people use a doctor to enable them to sin against the laws of nature with impunity. But that is a bad use for him.—Washington Times.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Germantown, Pa., Was Once Called the Capital of the Country.

A pupil in the Boys' Grammar school, on Lafayette street, Germantown, was asked by his teacher "when the first congress occupied the Germantown academy, located on West School lane." It was a puzzle, of course, to the young scholar, who was at a loss to find anything in print verifying such an event. The facts, however, from which the false impression has frequently obtained are as follows: The government of the United States was first inaugurated in New York in 1789, but by act of congress Philadelphia was made the capital of the nation from 1790 until 1800. In 1793 the yellow fever became epidemic in this city, and it was in October of that year that the governor of Pennsylvania asked the board of trustees to accommodate the house of assembly, and a similar request for quarters came from congress.

At the November meeting following the board proffered to congress the choice of the school building, but there is no minute evidence to show that congress accepted the generous offer. At this time Washington resided in Germantown, and the town was spoken of as the government place of the state, and also of the United States. Jefferson, then secretary of state, and Randolph, attorney general, occupied the building, some years ago torn down to extend the site on which the National bank now stands, at Main street and School lane.

So, with Washington, Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph residing in Germantown, it is not strange that the conclusion should be formed that congress was in session at the same time. Although the Germantown academy never had the honor of accommodating congress, a few years later, in 1793, when the yellow fever made its appearance again in this city, the banks of North America and of Pennsylvania did find a temporary place of safety in the old academy.—Philadelphia Record.

Lace Lappets.

If you know anybody who has a pair of old fashioned lace lappets, says a fashion writer, you may recommend her to utilize these in the following fashion: On the next evening or dinner gown the lappets may begin almost touching each other at the waist, and, gradually parting, form a trimming down the front of the skirt, ending in immense quadruple bows of satin ribbon, which must be stabbed through with diamond buttons or clasps, or, another way, as the cookery books say, line the lappets with velvet or satin of some bright color and turn them into bretelles, crossing the shoulders and meeting just above the waist, back and front. Should any one wish to insult and vulgarize her beautiful old lace with a touch of modernity she can buy rhinestones or imitation emeralds, sapphires or rubies and sew them all over it.

Law For the Poor.

The Legal Aid society gives legal assistance to the poor of New York who cannot afford lawyers' fees. It has existed 20 years, has cared for 80,000 cases and secured over $500,000 to its needy clients. It is supported by voluntary contributions.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly 20 years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into three years.

There is a smaller percentage of light gold coins afloat in London than anywhere else in the United Kingdom.

When Schumann was in love, he wrote, "I wish I were a smile, that I might play about your cheeks."

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DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1236 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

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Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healton, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 3d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

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Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3636 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 122 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6423 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
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